

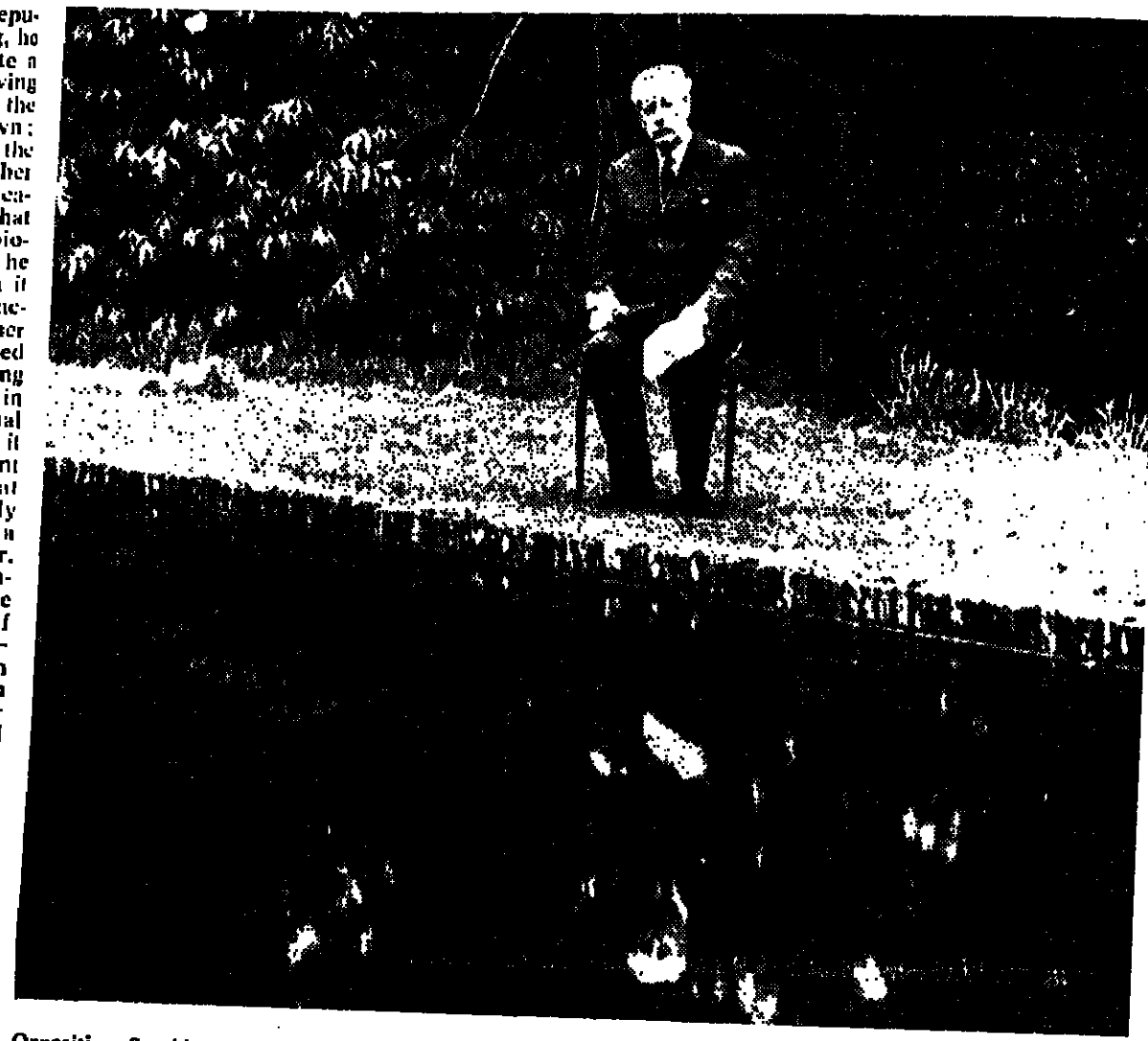
Mr. Macmillan was making his reputation at the Ministry of Housing, he was much preoccupied with quite a different tide, which was flowing strongly in Europe. His role in the Council of Europe is well known; his memoranda to Churchill on the names of a confederal rather than a federal approach to unification make impressive reading. What is not important for his autobiography, however, is that here he detected an inexorable tide which it was impossible to ignore. Characteristically, he does not blame either Churchill or Eden for having missed it. He accepts that the minute swing at the General Election of 1951 (in which the Labour Party had an actual majority of electoral votes) made it impossible for the new government to claim a mandate for doing what their predecessors had deliberately avoided: committing Britain to a politically united Europe. But Mr. Macmillan's historical sense convinced him, as it had done in the 1930s, of something which few of his contemporaries appreciated—that there was a force at work which could not be resisted, even if Britain could not be a party to it. Like other tides, it was both predictable and inexorable.

It was this kind of insight which made Mr. Macmillan much more than a party politician. He has seldom descended in his preceding volumes to scoring merely partisan points. In his third volume there is a mellow generosity towards both sides of politics which bears the mark of true statesmanship. He gives high praise to Attlee's administration of 1945, which he reckons one of the most powerful of the present century. He also recognizes that "they had certainly inherited a frightening situation". He sees the problems of the country in non-party terms. Many on both sides of politics, he says,

were beginning to feel that the vital questions were how to apply the most modern methods: how to induce men to work, if not necessarily harder, at least more intelligently; how to make technology serve the needs of production; how to sweep away all the old and reactionary restrictions of the past, only applicable to a period when unemployment was the chief danger.

Although he is writing of the year 1945 he admits that the same diagnosis of Britain's problem is still true. His fourth volume will presumably explain why he, as well as Attlee, failed to solve it. But at least he laid the foundations for possible success; and he has not sought to lay the blame for failure on others.

His attitude to other politicians is indeed notably generous. Attlee and Bevin earn almost unstinted praise; of Gaitskill he speaks with a warmth which would not have been suspected by those who saw them in action as Prime Minister and Leader of the



Opposition. Speaking of his antagonistic relations with each other, he rightly remarks that it is much easier to be forgiving towards an opponent than towards a rival on one's own side. The generosity of his judgments on Eden and Butler is all the more impressive for this reason. Moreover, it rests not on the wisdom of hindsight, when emotion is recollected in tranquillity, all passion spent; for he draws his judgments from notes and letters written in the early 1950s, when all three men were serving under Churchill. His affection and respect for Churchill himself, naturally, eclipses all other feelings; but Eisenhower comes only a little behind Churchill in his esteem. Almost the only figure of whom he writes with consistent dislike and something near contempt is John Foster Dulles, the shadow of Suez, though still a year away from the end of his volume, looms large over the final chapter. It is easy to foresee that Dulles rather than Eden is cast for the role of villain in the opening chapters of Volume Four.

This is not to say that Mr. Macmillan is averse from criticizing him-

self or his colleagues. He believes that both Eden and even Churchill were wrong about Europe, though he states his own case temperately and without rancour. He admits his own shortcomings freely. Of the first postwar parliament, he writes that "the fault of my speeches at that time was that they were over-prepared and indulged in too many paradoxes and epigrams". It was a fault which he successfully cured, he says, with the help of Churchill, who prepared every speech of his own not only meticulously, but had mastered the art of concealing art. Equally errors of judgment and policy, or at least provides the reader with evidence to judge them for himself; for instance, his conviction in 1950 that it was impossible to break the alliance between the Soviet Union and Communist China. Only in the case of Cyprus, to which he devotes a long and detailed account, does he seem to have a blind spot. It is disappointing to find yet another reiteration of the futile argument that Cyprus "never has been Greek"—which would have applied equally,

neither more nor less, to every successive addition ever made to the Greek kingdom, from the Ionian Islands to the Dodecanese.

The case of Cyprus, and a few others over which Mr. Macmillan became uncharacteristically impatient, show that there is another side to his political character besides that of the disinterested rebel who has always thought things out for himself. There is Macmillan the iconoclast. Indeed, there had to be if he was to survive as a member of the Conservative Party at all, since no Tory (not even Mr. Enoch Powell, who is in many ways a comparable figure) can rebel on every issue. Not having either the time or perhaps the energy to think every issue through to its logical conclusion, Mr. Macmillan chose to accept the conventional wisdom over issues which did not much interest him, with an off-handed shrug of indifference. So many things, he seemed to be saying, simply did not matter. So often the right action was no action at all, time was the great healer. And so indeed it

often proved, in case small. A plague of floods on the south coast of the White Knight, gestured; but Mr. Macmillan, them all, and "for many other troubles, the course disappeared". It was the country's economic situation in 1954. They simply could not explain the war began he was sixty long since completed the satisfactory to an eyeing of his professional staff of "Edwardian" and "Edwardian" under the Philippine government Nasser would simply going away, as the ment will show.

When the going became in those matters to which millian had not given attention in time, he took a simple doctrine that "everyone will rally to me" did, until the last of 1963. But that still left a seemingly concealed antagonist though already what is rightly called a quaterback as a great leader, was thus he who took the surmounting of the Japanese in September, 1945, it is still glad, could the most part simple; but a great power and the "mission" still survives, is "fun"; there are still slain and great deeds to be done; a scene described on the still masquerades as a scholar.

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Before leaving the matter of the war, it must be added that this is a most unusual piece of writing. Mr. Macmillan's artistry increases to volume. His majestic "I am Churchill" is a parody (though Attlee's parody) that Attlee's parody is a parody. The secret of his still remain to what the she fourth volume of the autobiography.

Warts and all

LONG: MacArthur as Military Commander. 243pp. Batsford.

During the latter part of his long career, numerous biographies and studies of the general were published, many extravagantly partisan but some given grossly to his disparagement. The pattern has continued. The official histories give a more balanced view, but the image of the man is obscured among the mass of personalities and events which they necessarily include. What has been needed for some years is a definitive account of the life of this extraordinary man.

This requirement has now been met in part by Gavin Long in his assessment of MacArthur as military commander. Mr. Long is an Australian, a journalist who accompanied the Australian forces both to the Middle East and New Guinea in the Second World War before accepting the post of editor of the national military histories. If there is a bias in this book, therefore, it is the bias of an Australian aware that MacArthur did not always treat his compatriots as seriously or as generously as they deserved. Thanks to Mr. Long's self-discipline, however, there is very little prejudice.

Douglas MacArthur is seen to be the archetype of the American hero: born of a father campaigning against Indians on the western frontier, a man elected by popular vote to command his regiment in the Civil War at the age of nineteen; born to a mother full of love tempered by stern principles; brought up, as his father progressed to general and governor of the Philippines, to mix with great men in the inner courts. A special object of bullying at West Point, he triumphed to become captain of the corps of cadets, a member of the baseball team. Girls chased him for his handsome looks, polished manners and fluent tongue.

This formative period is nicely described and it is regrettable that the next stage in MacArthur's professional life, as a young engineer officer at regimental duties, is sketchy. Much of it seems to be culled from the general's own *Reminiscences*, which are, at best, restrictive. It may be that the material does not exist to widen our knowledge of this important time in his life. Fortunately, there is ample for his part as a staff officer in Washington and then chief of staff of the Rainbow Division in the First World War. The description of MacArthur in the foremost trenches, acting with his general's consent as a commander under the enemy guns, is striking. The personal methods used later as a commander-in-chief are seen evolving on the Argonne.

Apart from a long tour as Superintendent at West Point, General Mac-

Arthur had little opportunity to test his command capacity after the First World War. It is not therefore surprising to read Mr. Long's criticism of the inadequacy of his arrangements to defend the Philippines in 1941. The Japanese defeated the American-Philippine command here largely by default, much as they did the British and Australians in Malaya. What is remarkable is the enthusiastic acceptance by the Australians of MacArthur as the supreme commander of their defence effort in the Pacific. He was unknown to them and had just been defeated. This enthusiasm persisted even after his cavalier treatment of the Australians in New Guinea, exclusion of Australian officers from his staff and an unwanted preference for American troops.

Notwithstanding these errors and others in the island battles, Mr. Long's narrative shows clearly that MacArthur had the qualities of a great commander. His policy was effective and he deserved the major share of the war resources allotted to the Pacific even if, through inter-service jealousy, he did not receive them.

Installed in Tokyo, MacArthur became ever more subject to the corruption of power. The color of his immediate staff intensified the adulation of the chief; his publicity section (among whom a lieutenant-colonel held office as personal photographer) continued to pump out personal propaganda, directed not least towards the United States. In this atmosphere, the Korean War broke out, finding MacArthur unready despite the warning signs. Yet it is probable that few if any other United States generals apart from Marshall would have appreciated the needs and commanded support to meet them as MacArthur did. And the plan—and the dreadful risk it involved—in counter-attack at Inchon was all MacArthur's, and must enhance his claim to a high place among the great battle commanders.

This accomplished, Mr. Long points up the general's proclivity for daring ventures and administration, his resentment of control or direction by government. To all these weaknesses he now gave way, and the result was a curt but justified note of dismissal by President Truman.

Mr. Long deserves our thanks for the clarity with which he has presented the details of the many events in the Pacific from 1941 to 1951. No less, he has shown MacArthur as the great commander that he was, warts and all. Whatever MacArthur devotes may think of this, he has done their duty—and the historical record—a service thereby.

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PIKE: War, Peace, and the Congress. 188pp. The M.I.T. Press.

Villages of Vietnam the NLF even as special targets the natural leaders... religious figures, teachers, or simply people of influence and honor. These are more to have the courage to stand up to NLF when they come to their villages and this is most likely to be the NLF's most serious threat. Potential NLF leadership is the NLF's most serious threat. Steadily, quietly, and ruthlessly, the NLF is wiping out virtually a whole generation of Vietnamese villagers.

the truth about "liberation" at any price. How- ever, Ho Chi Minh's power may argue, the issue remains: whether that ravaged country is to be re- turned to the hands of the former communist "leader" by force, or whether the non- communist Vietnamese have a right to accept succor from the United States having, in President Kennedy-Johnson, a firm, "no" to reunification. If that

turns out to be the free choice of the people concerned."

This is Mr. Pike's second book about Viet Cong ways in influencing that choice. It makes its points more directly than the earlier one, and has been brought up to date, save for the N.L.F.'s final upsurge, last June, into a "provisional government". The author is an active Foreign Service officer; that he is allowed to go into print at all reflects the welcome relaxation of official anonymity, which in the past has deprived public debate of some informed and responsible contributions. Critics will take the opposite view, that what he writes is a priori suspect, if not dismissible, out of hand.

But the book is descriptive and analytical, not polemical, and its material cannot just be dismissed. The substance of the analysis, many times more sophisticated than the sociological terms used to express it, but there is much shrewd insight, the "clandestine" of all Vietnamese politics and "a tendency to see politics chiefly as a system of organized betrayal", making things easier for the Viet Cong, harder for apostles of parliamentarianism. The translations of commonly vocabu-

lary do not always sound quite right; but there can be no doubt about the prevarications of language Mr. Pike exposes in Viet Cong proposals abroad for a "coalition government".

He records some surprising facts: there are 20,000 or so civilian Party cadres from the North now in the South, apart from military; and more than half the population of the South has become town-dwelling in recent years. There are pointers to links between the N.L.F. and French interests; Westerners who believe patriotic fervour for colonial emancipation is what makes Ho Chi Minh's world go round may be disconcerted to learn that the professional career of the Saigon chairman of the N.L.F.'s "Alliance for Peace" began, in the days of the Viet Minh, in the French Staff.

Mr. Pike has faith that the fighting is going to get less violent. Paris talks or no Paris talks; but the improvement will be no more than a "transition from the strife of war to the strife of peace".

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Glorifying the warriors

KENNETH HURLSTONE JACKSON:
The Gododdin, 178pp. University
of Edinburgh Press, 40s.

It would be difficult to find a famous poem which is less well known than the *Gododdin*. Everyone interested in the history of post-Roman Britain recalls its name and has heard of the event it commemorates. Everyone interested in heroic poetry has heard of it as a supreme example of the genre. But how much it is read, and by whom outside the University of Wales, is another matter.

It was masterfully edited by Sir Ifor Williams in 1938, but his *Cannu Aneurin* is a locked house to all save readers of Welsh—and to many of those too. For the poem, while of North British origin, is preserved in early (which means difficult) Welsh, in two incomplete and sometimes overlapping texts, and is full of obscurities. Such translations as were attempted before 1938 hinted at magnificence but are now best ignored. An *oeuvre de vulgarisation* based on Sir Ifor Williams's edition was clearly called for, and this Professor Jackson's work self-confessedly is. It will be a source of great satisfaction to students of history and poetry, lovers of the British past, all "intelligent general readers", and even to those Welsh scholars for whom Professor Jackson says his book is not intended, that arcane wonders of this fascinating work are at last adequately displayed to the English-reading public.

The poem treats of an attack mounted by Mynyddog, the British king of the people and land known as Gododdin, against the English of Deira and Bernicia (the future Northumbria). To this end he collected fighting-men from all the British realms and feasted them for a

year before the attack took place. The line of advance was from Edinburgh (Din Eiddyn) to Catterick (Cathraeth) in northern Yorkshire. At Cathraeth the "three hundred" encountered the hosts of England (Loegr) and were annihilated, save for one survivor. The poem, attributed to Aneurin, declares their fate and celebrates their valour.

The men went to Cathraeth, swift was their host, the pale men were their feast and it was their poison: three hundred fighting according to plan, and after the jubilation [of battle] there was silence. (A.8)

Three hundred men hastened forth, wearing gold torques, defending the land, and there was slaughter. Though they were slain they slew, and they shall be honoured till the end of the world; and of all us kinsmen who went, alas, but for one man none escaped. (B.8)

The excitement, splendour, and virtuosity of the poem are instantly apparent. Its structure is less so. Early Welsh literature has many heroic or heroic-epic poems, but no epic, because the bards were not concerned with a long-sustained mode of composition, beginning more or less at the beginning and proceeding more or less tidily to a more or less defined end. They were not so much narrators as celebrants; the "story" has to

emerge, he pieced together, from elegy and panegyric. It may be a simplification to say, as this is recorded in its verse, that the warrior lived that he might be glorified by the bard, and the bard lived that he might glorify the warrior, but it is a simplification far from distortion. Each verse of the *Gododdin* commemorates the army of Mynyddog or one of its members; the political, dynastic, strategic background of the action, and much of the action itself, must be inferred.

It is Professor Jackson's view, as it was that of Sir Ifor Williams, that the *Gododdin* is an important and trustworthy document for the history of North Britain, and that it records an actual account on the developing power of the English which failed with decisive consequences for both people; it is, with the reservations attendant upon a long period of oral and manuscript transmission (the *Book of Aneurin* is of c. 1250), authentically and contemporarily with the events it describes, in that it was composed quite soon after the battle, which took place near the year 600.

Having placed the poem in an historical setting, Professor Jackson has some sound things to say about it as a heroic literature—as a poem, that is, viewed against the conventions of the Northern Heroic Age, its rules and requirements, and its compulsive commonplaces: the bond between lord and liegeman, duty and reward, liberality in peace and fierceness in war, the dominance of the warrior caste, the desire for fame and horror of disgrace, the obligations of the lordly man in life and death. The three hundred who rode to Cathraeth were assuredly three hundred chieftains. For the bards the rank and file accompanying them did not count, and were therefore not counted. But for a chieftain—

Isag the distinguished man from the region of the South, his manners were like the sword for graciousness and liberality and pleasant mead-drinking. Where his weapons gouted, requital was abandoned. His sword echord in the heads of mothers; the rump of fury, he was renowned, the son of Gwyddinaw. (A.27)

Or again—
Bold in battle, mighty when hard-pressed; in conflict there was no trace that he would make, in the day of wrath he would not shrink the fight. Bleeding from the eye he would bear for fierceness; he drank off wine from brimming glass vessels; and on the day of combat he would do feats of arms, riding his white steed. Before he died he left

behind him bloodstains (B.19)

The Britons at this time, Christians, and the English, referred to contemporary events. But the values of the poem (Christian amelioration, the references to Christian gods) go unmentioned.

The little book is well planned, introductory and explanatory material grouped under twenty headings. "The Historical Background" and "The Poem" are the two main sections.

It is a pity that Mr. Muecke deals with this problem only rather briefly and superficially in the closing pages of the book. The defence he puts forward is shaky. He tells us that ironists may exhibit other virtues besides their ironical equanimity, which is hardly a way of justifying their irony and he then goes on to find fault with Kierkegaard (who first made this charge of nihilism against irony) because he did not live by irony alone but subordinated it to the ethical and religious. Mr. Muecke's discussion of Thomas Mann ought to have been more illuminating on this question, in particular on the mysticist connexion—which runs through most of the major novels and stories, and the ironies of much modern literature. A similar criticism could be made of the sections on Musil, which concentrate too exclusively on the satirical aspects of *Der Mann ohne Eigenschaften* instead of tackling the more difficult question of what the hero is striving, and pre-

sumably fails, to achieve irony. To pursue this top, as Mr. Muecke suggests, done, would require a consideration of Nietzsche, whom both Musil and Mann so many of their lessons in thinking, as well as of those whose *Brothers Karamazov*, instance, would surely give insights into irony and ideology in Mr. Muecke's only barrier to a fuller understanding of the role of irony in literature and thought.

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society which he produced during the 1870s and 1880s for *Punch*.

In a recent exhibition his drawings of this kind were juxtaposed with those of the two other great contemporary exponents of what he called "social pictorial satire", Charles Keene and Phil May. The comparison was hardly flattering. Both had much more facility than du Maurier as artists, and though du Maurier had more art training, and lived more in the world of artists, than either Keene or May, his drawings seem relatively stiff and amateurish beside theirs. Keene, as several French artists and critics (notably Degas) recognized at the time and as has come to be more generally recognized since, was one of the world's great draughtsmen, and his drawings for *Punch* survive perfectly well as designs even without the captions to explain the joke. May's mastery of the sparkling line, his absolutely sure eye for revealing detail, though attributes of a talent less profound and varied than Keene's, still leave du Maurier a very poor third.

And yet, for all that, du Maurier's *Punch* cartoons still exert some hold on our attention; in him the form may not be specially eloquent, but the content is fascinating, and this literary side of his art is a storehouse of odd and appealing information about art, fashion and society in the 1870s and 1880s. He was observing, writing about and drawing (rather in that order of importance) a world that he knew, or got to know, well. First it was society as the rising artist saw it, the society of the aesthetes or those who tried to be. Then, gradually, it was society as such, the upper classes among whom increasingly du Maurier moved because he chose to, because he liked them (and, of course, because they liked him). In the process, satire gradually diminishes in favour of a milder, more indulgent humour. And even the satire of the earlier cartoons, pillorying the aesthetes, is conceived very much from a conservative, even high Tory, point of view: what seems to outrage du Maurier above all is that ladies and gentlemen, who have no need of such affectations to establish their place in the world, nevertheless betray their true (aristocratic) nature by assuming them, descend into the same social no-man's-land as the showy climbers, the arrivistes.

For society, to du Maurier, was always a sort of paradise. He equated breeding and social position with beauty, the lack of both qualities with ugliness. His fine ladies are no longer, physical. However, it is used in this sense by psychiatrists, for whom the orientation itself has priority—not the expression of it. . . .

It would be difficult to put the point more clearly.

Raffalovich, who died leaving a mere £95,000, was the son of a Russian Jewish banker, and he paid for the building of several Catholic churches—one of them for Gray, an early protégé of Wilde (who paid for the publication of his first book of verse, *Silverpoints*), was a more interesting figure since, though coming from a very humble home in Woolwich, he managed to attract a good deal of attention during the 1890s, mostly, it would seem, because of his looks, which Olive Custance, who later had the misfortune to marry Lord Alfred Douglas, evidently—at the age of sixteen—found very striking. Since, however, Fr. Sewell modestly calls his book a footnote it would be silly to complain of its slightness. He ends it, nevertheless, with a categorical assertion: "John Gray and André Raffalovich were two exceptionally good and gifted men"; and this, whether true or not, is not at all the same thing as saying their story is one likely to be of interest to more than a small circle.

always, tall—unnaturally so—and graceful, and elegant; his gentlemen are also tall, handsome when young, distinguished when old. Squallidness, plumpness, coarseness, grotesqueness of any sort, are reserved for the poor, for servants, workers, and, needless to say, those terrible nouveaux riches who had the gall to invade, or try to invade, the sacred groves of true social distinction. In short, du Maurier was an incorrigible snob, with nearly all the time: even his occasional exaltation of foreign refinement over English insularity was a sort of snobbery (the French in his cartoons are any way allowed to show up only the unspeakable English middle classes, and it can be said in his favour merely that he was not, given the general prejudices of the time, particularly personally antisemitic).

All this obviously gives a characteristic colour and tone to his cartoon work; but whether it does it any real harm is a different matter. It is important that a social cartoonist should have an attitude, but if he has, it probably does not matter very deeply what the attitude is. Du Maurier's vision of late Victorian society in his cartoons is consistent, we know where we are with it, and within that convention we know what sort of corrections to make if we want to use his cartoons as evidence. The things we might say against them are of a rather different nature. Basically, it seems, du Maurier was not by nature a comic draughtsman. Though in private, especially in his earlier days, when not yet emotionally quite out of Bohemia and into Belgravia, he was an amusing companion with a fund of bawdy stories, as a cartoonist he always seems to have found the picture-plus-caption formula irksome.

His titles are often apt and witty, his captions, even given the taste of the time for heavily explanatory texts to cartoons, are generally awkward and heavy-handed, and it is noticeable that on the rare occasions he is permitted to do without a caption his visual imagination takes wing. Otherwise, the shackles of the caption, the necessity of a joke every time, seem to limit the visual side of his work too. He seldom manages, as Keene nearly always does, to produce a drawing which, even if you need the caption to get the joke, is perfectly satisfactory as a work of art without. Partly too, it must be admitted, this seems to be because most of his most famous work as a cartoonist was done in the years after he had been advised, for the sake of his eyesight, to work on a larger scale and in a less minutely detailed way—a change which made him, as Miss Ormond observes, "throw up the creative sponge" and rely increasingly on stock figures and formulas.

Also, if we are considering the

effect of du Maurier's snobism on his art, we cannot, at least at this distance of time, altogether avoid seeing a certain pathos in it. This is well brought out, though seldom very explicitly, in the more strictly biographical sections of Miss Ormond's book. For as one would expect of almost anyone so transparently snobbish as du Maurier, the social paradise he saw and depicted was not his natural habitat, but was attained only by hard work and dedication, and even so, never completely. Idolizing the tall, du Maurier himself was short; devotee of breeding and "background", du Maurier himself had neither of those things. Not that he ever knew to quite what an extent they were lacking; throughout his life he was sustained by a romantic fantasy about a family history going back to minor (but real) French nobility, and remained quite unaware that the whole thing had been invented, and the aristocratic name appropriated, by his grandfather, Robert-Mathurin, a Busson-artisan glassblower and self-styled gentleman.

Even with this cozy fiction to support him, du Maurier himself had to go through hard times before he reached his happy haven of social acceptance. He was unhappy at school, child of a feeble father whose finances never matched his social pretensions and who managed to wreck every business venture he took up; his own early career as a scientist was unsuccessful and when he took up art instead it meant years of poverty and struggle; later he was twice seriously threatened with blindness, and suffered from nervous trouble, which brought him on several occasions close to breakdown before his sexual and emotional problems were resolved by a very happy and stable marriage. As an artist he made his own way, by talent, determination and some personal charm; indeed, compared with the hard and miserable lives led by some other illustrators of the 1860s, his progress was fairly easy. But always he had to work for anything he got, and his eventual success was the more valuable for being self-made.

Little of this could be guessed from his illustrations and cartoons; but knowledge of it, if it does not make the feeble ones any better, at least provides an intriguing counterpoint. Not surprisingly, du Maurier kept autobiography out of his work for *Punch*, where it would hardly have been in place. But it could not be indefinitely suppressed, and suddenly in the last five years of his life it burst forth. Indirectly, of course, even so, and carefully, if perhaps not always altogether consciously, censored and adapted. But all three of his novels, *Peter Ibbetson* (1891), *Trilby* (1894) and *The Martian* (1896-97) have strong elements of it. In *Peter Ibbetson* it is mainly in the opening section, which evokes with great delicacy and

vividness his happy childhood in Paddy. *The Martian* draws some of its background from his schooldays, though here there is a more pronounced element of compensation, in that the immensely popular Barty Josselyn seems to be just about everything du Maurier was not at school. The local colour of art-student life in Paris for *Trilby* is again derived from du Maurier's own experience, and *The Martian* draws on the year he spent in Antwerp and Malines between his studies in Paris and his return to London.

Obviously, these are the best parts of du Maurier's novels, the parts most clearly informed with the strength of true feeling. But maybe Miss Ormond is a little hard on the rest, the melodramatic plots which are unrolled against these backgrounds. For good melodrama is not, after all, to be sneezed at, and *Trilby*, anyway, is excellent melodrama, as its continuing hold on the reading public, not to mention the cinema and television public, readily attests. Not everyone manages to invent a character like Svengali, who becomes part of the popular imagination, and if that is not exactly the highest peak that literary aspiration can envisage, it is still quite a feat. *Peter Ibbetson*, on the other hand, is positively disappointing, though still very readable, because its basic premise—that *omnis homo* so beloved of the French surrealists, reaching out to reunite parted lovers across time and space—is not necessarily melodramatic, but du Maurier's style and literary technique are not quite a match for it on any other level. *The Martian*, despite some good patches, is the weakest of the three; by the time he wrote it du Maurier's health was already breaking down for the last time, and the effort shows.

All the same, this final outburst of creativity, nearly twenty years after du Maurier had thrown in the sponge as an artist, is extraordinary. It is notable, too, that none of the novels is importantly comic: just a bit, his best work, in black-and-white, back in the 1860s, was not comic. Du Maurier was never a Pagliaccio figure, laughing while his heart was breaking. But the strongest emotion he felt at the last seems to have been an aching nostalgia for early days, serious aspirations. Perhaps the success of the 1890s, again suddenly threatened with his old nightmare, blindness, and the possibility that the whole career and position, the financial security he had built up over the years, might crumble away, found him looking back to the serious young man with serious artistic ambitions, and found the years between sadly lacking in substantial achievement of any sort. The illustrations of the 1860s last; the novels of the 1890s last. What comes in between is material for the social historian but, even to the most indulgent eye, little more.

Irony in the soul

D. C. MUECKE: *The Compass of Irony*. 278pp. Methuen, £2 5s.

The title of Mr. Muecke's first chapter is "Ironology", and he regards this subject as something distinct from literary criticism in the evaluative sense, as something closer to a Weltanschauung, in fact, though without specific content. Irony he sees as an attitude of mind that has become ever more prevalent in European culture during the past two hundred years, to the point where it now characterizes the modern spiritual situation by contrast with the past. Of course irony was common enough in earlier centuries, but only as a rhetorical device; it was used for purposes of satire and controversy; it was corrective and normative. In such usage, Mr. Muecke remarks, "the victim is isolated; he is 'in the wrong' and over against him are the rest of society or mankind, who are 'in the right' and 'safe'". Since the time of the Romantic movement, however, irony has assumed new and broader functions. Mr. Muecke considers it to be the necessary and ideal way for a European intellectual to confront, endure, and even to organize—playfully, of course, not dogmatically—the multiplicity of views which he is now capable of taking of himself and of the world. The non-conforming victim has, as it were, turned the tables on the rest of society, perhaps even on mankind, by opting out altogether in order to reach a new point of safety, from which he sees what is wrong with every norm and correct-

ness. Mr. Muecke's book falls naturally, then, into two halves. In the first he constructs a grammar of irony, while in the second he sketches a philosophy of irony. The systematic description and labelling of figures of speech has always appeared a somewhat pedantic way of approaching great works of literature; and if Mr. Muecke's categories look more cumbersome than most this may be partly because he lacks an imposing set of Greco-Latin terms—such as grammarians have generally been able to employ—to define all the variety of rhetorical devices which he observes.

Thus, of the famous letter which Mme. de Tourvel receives from the Vicomte de Valmont in *Les liaisons dangereuses*, Mr. Muecke tells us that it is a case of: "II. Those who are in an ironic situation without knowing it. (sub-section) a. Those unable to recognize they have been ironically addressed." In fact, this kind of precise categorizing according to the position of the persons involved does sometimes enable Mr. Muecke to

make an instructive observation: for instance, that Socrates's irony consisted not in his pretending to be ignorant, but rather in his pretending that he might learn something from his interlocutors if only they would put their argument a little more simply.

In general, the observations offered in the first half of *The Compass of Irony* are more precise than interesting; those in the second half are more interesting but also more questionable. Obvious difficulties attend on any attempt to contain so vast a range of ironical usages from Socrates to Laclos within a single definition, let alone a definition that makes them appear as common servants of a "closed-world ideology". Mr. Muecke has an altogether "ideological" view of intellectual history, and declares that "the change-over from a 'closed' to an 'open' ideology is of central importance in the history of irony". No less difficult is involved in the definition of an open ideology, if this concept is to embrace any significant proportion of the ideas which have flowered in European culture during the past two centuries. Mr. Muecke evidently recognizes "openness" (and hence that distinctively modern irony which is its expression) as grounded in the acknowledgment that "the world seems to be fundamentally at odds with mankind". These are indeed the kind of vague, absolute concepts from which ideologies, in the crudest sense of that word, are made; a revolutionary turning-point in mankind's history; before it, servitude to closed, corrective norms; after it, openness and freedom; the old "world" declared to be without meaning by the new "man" who created his own. Whatever meaning "world" may once have had, it is certainly in danger of being destroyed by formulations like these.

Mr. Muecke is not, of course, propounding the "open ideology" in a revolutionary spirit, but as an ironist. For him "abandoning the concept of a rational and moral world" is synonymous with "finding and adopting a detached position from which we can regard the coexistence of contraries with equanimity" with "abandoning despair as well as hope". On the other hand, he is sensitive to the possibility that he could be charged with nihilism. The morality of irony is questionable, not simply because certain ironists abuse irony and by employing it to cover up its efficacy or render it ineffectual, but because irony by its nature seems to have a power to corrupt the ironist. This it does by offering him both a refuge from

what the hero is striving, and pre- sumably fails, to achieve irony. To pursue this top, as Mr. Muecke suggests, done, would require a consideration of Nietzsche, whom both Musil and Mann so many of their lessons in thinking, as well as of those whose *Brothers Karamazov*, instance, would surely give insights into irony and ideology in Mr. Muecke's only barrier to a fuller understanding of the role of irony in literature and thought.

It is a pity that Mr. Muecke deals with this problem only rather briefly and superficially in the closing pages of the book. The defence he puts forward is shaky. He tells us that ironists may exhibit other virtues besides their ironical equanimity, which is hardly a way of justifying their irony and he then goes on to find fault with Kierkegaard (who first made this charge of nihilism against irony) because he did not live by irony alone but subordinated it to the ethical and religious. Mr. Muecke's discussion of Thomas Mann ought to have been more illuminating on this question, in particular on the mysticist connexion—which runs through most of the major novels and stories, and the ironies of much modern literature. A similar criticism could be made of the sections on Musil, which concentrate too exclusively on the satirical aspects of *Der Mann ohne Eigenschaften* instead of tackling the more difficult question of what the hero is striving, and pre-

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Courtly novels

K. G. KNIGHT (Editor): *Deutsche Romane des Barockzeits*. 248pp. Methuen, £2 2s.

"Courtly novels were obviously intended for a reading public who had far more leisure than today's student of literature . . ." observes Dr. Knight; and thanks to this realistic assessment comic essay-fables such as "Trace the development of the German novel in the seventeenth century" should no longer lead to despair, or to copying from literary histories. *Deutsche Romane des Barockzeits*, an anthology of extracts from seventeenth-century narrative prose, is a practical attempt at meeting the student's requirements.

Dr. Knight has chosen twelve authors, including Opitz, Harsdörffer, Grimmelshausen, Christian Weis and Johann Beer, and has selected self-contained extracts of between about ten and forty pages—just long enough to give the reader a first-hand acquaintance. Dr. Knight has also contributed a stimulating introduc-

tion, in German, which ranges over contemporary views of the genre, statistics of seventeenth-century publishing, foreign literary influences, and so on. He has also provided, on each author, notes on each author, and has elucidated difficulties in footnotes. A useful anthology is obviously a pity that the undergrowth of the which irony could form in the service of a "closed ideology" were more varied, those it can now achieve seriously for its own sake, ironies of much modern literature have the dreadful, monotonous sound of the void.

Of course, these are not what du Maurier the designer is remembering today, though Miss Ormond would remind us of them. What member of du Maurier is the series of scenes from London of course, these are not what du Maurier the designer is remembering today, though Miss Ormond would remind us of them. What member of du Maurier is the series of scenes from London of course, these are not what du Maurier the designer is remembering today, though Miss Ormond would remind us of them. What member of du Maurier is the series of scenes from London

So bloody precious

FRANK SEWELL: *Footnote to the novel*. 121pp. Cecil and Amella Ltd, £2 2s.

Passionate lilac endpapers and pages of this book—which tells, in a way, the life-stories of three people, John Gray, Raffalovich, and Father Brown, after meeting one of them for the first time was to murmur: "Why are they so bloody precious?"—a remark which Mr. Sewell counters in a manner accurately sums up his perspective: "Well, of course, they are precious; but in another way besides that intended by Mr. Gray. Further indication of this is provided by his exchange with Father Brown, who, in a pictorial of the Aubrey Beardsley school, is shown as a young man in 1966, had ventured to Raffalovich as "a homo-maniac". When Fr. Remonstrated, Mr. Read-

is possibly a gulf between us and the world of this book. This is not in your disapproval of the homosexual used, with its to people whose attraction to of their own sex is not, or is

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Perils of Zionism

NATHAN WEINSTOCK: *Le sionisme contre Israël*. 622pp. Paris: Maspero. 27.50fr.
TERENCE PRITTE: *Eshkol of Israel*. 386pp. Macdonald Press. £2.
WALTER LAQUEUR (Editor): *The Israel-Arab Reader*. 571pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.5s.

The idea that Zionism is a kind of disease of which Israel must rid itself in order to become a viable Middle Eastern state was the subject of a book by an American United Nations official. It reappears, now from the opposite camp, in a French book which must be regarded as the most consequent and up-to-date Marxist analysis of the Israel-Arab problem yet published.

Nathan Weinstock is described by his publishers as having emerged from several years of militancy in the Hashemite Hattair Zionist-Socialist youth movement with the conviction that there is an insurmountable "contradiction between Zionist nationalism and proletarian internationalism". He has worked out his thesis in terms of the past history of Israel and, more interestingly perhaps for an uncommitted reader, of its present politics.

His account of the British withdrawal from Palestine will seem to older readers who remember the events one-sided, even naive. It postulates an unbending determination by Britain to hold on to Palestine at all costs and ignores the growing desire of the British people at that time to be quit of the whole business, the yearning for an "Indian" solution regardless of the bloodshed which (as in the case of India) was bound to follow. Such an attitude is not rare or even particularly Marxist, since writers like Christopher Sykes, whose Zionist sympathies are qualified by a kind of detached liberal imperialism, also seem to assume that the withdrawal of colonial sovereignty can be accompanied by a guarantee of law and order while the troops are leaving and after they are gone. It cannot, as has been shown in many other parts of the world.

This historical section occupies about half the book, and though there is a good deal of interest in its partisan accounts of internal Jewish politics during the period up to 1948, it is to the second half that the student will turn for information about the present. For many readers, its attitudes to Jewish-Arab relations will have the shock effect of something entirely new. An Israeli writer does not have to be a Marxist to make most of the vast output of Zionist literature in the Diaspora nowadays seem archaic. Israel is today a binational state, though not of the kind once envisaged by F. L. Magnes and his associates. The de facto annexation of Arab territories is becoming increasingly de jure as the result of piecemeal acts of government. The tendency for the now unwieldy Arab minority to grow into a majority can only be reversed by wholesale expulsion, which in its turn would lead to further hostilities and further annexation, thus nullifying the effects of expulsion.

The conditions under which Arabs in Israel live are perhaps already a more potent factor in the Middle East situation than the intellectual belligerence of Arab nations outside Israel, though the two factors are of course interdependent. It is natural to look for parallels in Africa, and Mr. Weinstock asserts roundly that "Israel is condemned to become a second South Africa". He makes clear that it is far from having done so yet, but its close economic ties with South Africa are for him a significant item in the vast investment from overseas which sustains Israel. He of course sees Israel as an outgrowth of capitalist imperialism, expanding under the protection of American power, a fundamentally aggressive state.

The book is excellently got up, well printed, with maps and a good index. The ten-page bibliography will be found especially valuable by the student because of its great wealth of French entries and the inclusion also of an occasional Hebrew, Yiddish, Italian or German reference in addition to the wide

range of English sources. From this able and passionate piece of Marxist partisanship it would be hard to turn to a more contrasted work than *Eshkol of Israel*. Levi Eshkol was Prime Minister of Israel during the Six Days War and remained Prime Minister until his death last February. His life-span of more than seventy years covers the history of modern Zionism. Mr. Weinstock refers to him in one place as "the feeble Eshkol" who "allows the expansionists to dictate his policy". Terence Pritte's admiring biography can supply a useful corrective, though rather a gossipy one and not quite on the same level of political debate. It is generously produced, with photographs, a good index and a bibliography aimed at the general reader rather than the specialist.

Walter Laqueur's *Israel-Arab Reader* is altogether more remote. A collection of documents and newspaper articles, it is described as a "documentary history of the Middle East conflict", but the method is faulty, as a moment's consideration will show. The situation in the Middle East, as in so many other places, is an outcome of military and economic forces, with their political consequences. Documents sometimes accompany these but they rarely explain them fully. Professor Laqueur's selection is rounded off with an article of his own which states more explicitly his conviction that words are more potent than deeds. He thinks that the world press has given too much attention to the "pocket Napoleons" of the Middle East. He is not of course referring to such men as Eshkol and Dayan, but to "the Nassers, Boumediennes and Attasiss", who "flourish with publicity and whither when ignored". He concludes that "half the battle for the future of the Middle East will be won... when the news about it has been relegated from Page 1 to Page 16 in the *New York Times* and other leading newspapers". In so experienced a writer such political naivety is surprising.

MARY DOUGLAS and PHYLLIS M. KABERRY (Editors): *Man in Africa*. 372pp. Tavistock. £2.12s.

This collection of essays dedicated to Professor Daryll Forde by his colleagues and former pupils differs somewhat from the "readers" on specialized subjects within anthropology which have, over the past thirty years, become an increasingly widespread form of publication in this discipline. Professor Forde, as is shown by the bibliography included in this book and as Professor Smith reminds us in the foreword, has in his time been a master of many things related to a geographer, later an archaeologist, he concerned himself for some time with North American Indian ethnography, before publishing in 1934 a descriptive study of a wide range of industrial economies which remains a classic on the subject. Later he gave us, originally in a series of articles, the first comprehensive description of an African people practising double unilineal descent, a mode of social organization which is still of absorbing theoretical interest. In 1944 he became Director of the International African Institute and editor of *Africa*, and in 1945 Professor of Anthropology at University College London. In these and a number of other capacities, he has combined energy and administrative flair with a wide-ranging and creative imagination in advancing the cause of African studies, not merely in this country and the Commonwealth, but on an international scale. There can be few living Africanists, of whatever persuasion, who do not owe him a debt of gratitude.

Something of this admirable eclecticism is reflected in this collection of essays. The peoples studied are scattered widely over sub-Saharan Africa; the topics range from Professor Barnes's able technical analysis of the interrelations between political and legal systems to Dr. Ucko's and Professor Jolly's highly entertaining solution to the riddle of the sphinx-monkey. Yet there is, not surprisingly, an ethnographic concentration on West Africa; and, both in problems and approaches, certain unifying themes can be detected. Several of the authors had already contributed to the volume on *West African Kingdoms in the Nineteenth Century* edited by Professor Forde and Dr. Kaberry two years ago; and its influence can be seen on the section here classified as "Political Economy". A number of essays deal with the processes whereby larger or more complex political units are formed out of

smaller or simpler ones. These, such as Dr. Basil Henin, Dr. Horton's on the Kongo and Dr. Morton-Wallace on Ashanti, contain a history as to social anthropology also does Dr. Lewis discuss how Somali social organization responded to changes. Whatever may have been the case, it is no longer necessary that social anthropologists should be concerned with this dimension.

Appropriately, several devoted to problems of descent. Professor Smith explores the theoretical implications of the report of the Home Committee set up in 1965 under the leadership of Lord Morris of Borth-y-Gest to consider the qualifications for jury service. The committee recommended that "we do not see how the qualifications laid down in the Act can be related, 140 years later, to the principle of universal suffrage". The committee recommended that the jury service "should be a duty which is a counter-balance to the privilege of being a citizen".

This is more in the mixed bag: the contents of femininity to friendship, of passage to the spirit world. Professor Miller extends our knowledge of beliefs, whereas Professor L. Ndembu, Dr. Bramm, a world where twins are (conversely) friends and have somehow been born: Mrs. Oduhuan about masculinity and the service of Ifa, Edo and Mr. Onwejeogwu contribute to a discussion of the *Rojo* and Professor Redick dreams as possible channels of social change.

The book begins and ends with a more general essay, and as a whole, M. Maquet does a good job. Since it has long been out of some form of republication is well welcome, particularly one accompanied by an introduction as skilful and thoughtful as that of Professor Andreksi.

Professor's central interest was in the concept of "social evolution". He is a one analogy between the human organism and human society and he went on to argue that the forms of life there is a discrete process of development leading to a more complex, more integrated and more complex knowledge of man in Africa.

Comparisons

ROBERT E. DOWSE: *Modernisation in Ghana and the U.S.S.R.* 107pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 18s.

"The basic proposition of this book", writes Dr. Dowse in his preface, "is that in an underdeveloped country the range of possible economic and political strategies open to the leaders is relatively narrow". With this one may readily agree, but it should be immediately added that each country has a different range, depending on its history, its cultural peculiarities, its existing level of socio-economic development, and its geo-political situation. Comparison between any two underdeveloped countries is not, therefore, a necessarily fruitful exercise.

Dr. Dowse argues, however, that both the problems faced and the solutions adopted in Ghana and Russia respectively were sufficiently alike for these two countries to be usefully paired. This is open to some doubt, which the rather strained comparisons made in this book tend to confirm. The author emphasizes the similarity of the basic difficulties facing both the C.P. in Russia and the C.P.P. in Ghana: "a small unskilled labour force, inadequate standards

CORNISH: *The Jury*. 298pp. Lane The Penguin Press.

Like many other Englishmen, I am in a period of change. It has all but disappeared from the very few causes of the most common being an action for defamation. In criminal cases the twelve good men and true are no longer be unanimous in their verdict.

Whatever administrative changes come about as the direct result of the Morris report, they will not affect the basic issues. The aim, in the words of Lord Morris, is to devise a system which minimizes the risk of an innocent person being convicted and which brings it about that a person who is proved guilty is convicted. Does the jury system satisfy that aim? Is there a better alternative?

These questions Mr. Cornish examines in *The Jury* in a way that can be understood by a person with no particular knowledge of courts and legal procedure by the potential juror for whom it is intended, though it is of professional and academic interest as well. Critics of the jury system argue that the jury

is "citizenship as evidenced by inclusion in the electoral register as a parliamentary elector". They did not favour juries selected for special ability or experience, even to try complicated fraud cases. It is estimated that there are more than seven million names marked with a J on the electoral list. If the Morris recommendation is put into effect, not only would the number of people eligible to serve as jurors be substantially increased but, what is even more important, many more women and workers would be able to serve — classes of citizens who have hitherto been neglected if not ignored.

Time and again no firm answers are forthcoming because of the lack of knowledge about what really happens in the jury room. In fact, running through the book is a plea for information, for more research. No wonder Mr. Cornish looks with not a little envy to the study in depth of the jury system which is being made by lawyers, psychologists and sociologists in the University of Chicago. When the study began tape-recordings were even made in the jury room until a national inquiry led to a Senate committee of investigation. Jurors are interviewed, and verdicts reached by juries compared with the views lawyers have formed of the cases. Recordings of trials are played to experimental juries. Similar experiments with recordings are now being carried on at the London School of Economics to test the effect on jurors of certain rules of evidence.

As alternatives to the jury system Mr. Cornish is, rightly, against trial on serious charges by a single professional judge or by a bench of professional judges. He is more in favour of a tribunal of lawyers and laymen, and after studying the system in Denmark, Norway and Sweden he came away impressed with its merits. But entrenched as it is as a bulwark of liberty in the English consciousness, the jury will not be easily dislodged from our law.

The comment is fair. Spencer certainly is of more than historical interest, and a good deal of what he wrote is of current value. The trouble is that Spencer's sensible passages are entangled with other writing that has survived less well. Even though Professor Andreksi has reduced the original three volumes by something like half, he has retained many passages that now seem tedious or even meaningless. If he had been a more ruthless editor he could have done more for Spencer's reputation.

It is no use complaining too much about this. Mr. Foster has certainly tried hard, and there is little doubt that his academic experience has helped him to be much more objective than he would have been without it — or than most managers are. And of course the balance is impossible to strike: if an "objective" account is unlikely to come from one of the central actors, a "detached" scholar is unlikely to be as close to the heart of things. In spite of its limitations, *Building with Men* is so unusual — and so worthwhile — as to deserve a place on the shelves of those who are interested in the firm's development — with foremen, for example, who happened after a merger —

followed by an analytic discussion of the process and what it teaches about the organizational structure or about the human aspects of management. The blend is not a perfect one. Mr. Foster, as he admits, was too closely involved to achieve the detachment and objectivity usually demanded of an academic observer: the reader can now and again detect the only-too-human tendency to tell the story in a way that, though properly modest in tone, reflects rather well on one's own sagacity and sensitivity.

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In his foreword Professor Rees admits that "the present work is primarily concerned with the heavy industries, with the mining and smelting of iron, lead and copper", and even allowing for the fact that there is a section on coalmining as well, it cannot be said that all aspects of "industry before the Industrial Revolution" are covered. To do this one would surely have to include shipbuilding, textiles and brewing. It could perhaps be argued that mining and metallurgy were the only technological activities before the eighteenth century to which the word "industry" could properly be applied. But if this is Professor Rees's view he has not said so explicitly.

The material in the two books is subject to a second limitation. The area of Great Britain dealt with is restricted to "the western half of southern Britain, viz. in Wales and its neighbours, the West Midlands, the West Country and Ireland". To exclude Yorkshire, the North-East

and Scotland from any study of the history of mining and metallurgy in these islands seems somewhat short-sighted.

Leaving aside what the work might or should have been, let us consider it as it is. Volume I deals predominantly with coalmining and iron working in Wales and metal mining in all areas, the period covered being the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The material covered in the five chapters of Volume I divides itself into two distinct parts. On the one hand there are detailed histories of particular places, mostly in Wales, where mining and metallurgy were carried on with lots of relevant facts and figures and information on the people and companies who were involved. All this represents a lot of careful and original research, but in the book amounts to little more than a chronological account of events. What local or economic historians can make of it in general terms remains to be seen.

The other half of Volume I contains, at various points, discussions of technical processes. The author deals with such things as the techniques of mining coal, the problems of draining and ventilating mines, the extraction of lead and copper from their ores and the smelting of iron. Needless to say, *De Re Metallurgica* by Georgius Agricola (1556) figures prominently in all of this and several of his fascinating woodcuts are reproduced. No doubt these technical matters have all been studied before, but it is valuable just the same to have them brought together in one place, and so clearly set out and described.

In Volume II the emphasis shifts to the history of mining and metallurgy as such to a study of the position of these technologies in relation to the life of the country as a whole and especially the way in which the Crown and the Government determined the course of events. The histories of the Company of Mineral and Battery Works and the Company of Mines Royal, especially the latter, are covered along with some discussion of the effects on mining and metallurgy of the Civil War. Technical history figures in Volume II but is not, unfortunately, presented in special sections as in Volume I. Consequently the historian of technology has to search carefully for the items likely to interest him.

In many ways Professor Rees's book is difficult to assess. It is quite clear that a great deal of research has uncovered a lot of material. It is not so clear, exactly what the author is trying to do with it beyond his obvious desire to record the facts, an aim which is not of course without value. But neither for the economic historian nor for the historian of technology does the work produce any real conclusions or present any overall thesis.

The two volumes are nicely produced, but then at the price so they should be. The work is extensively documented in the form of nearly 1,300 footnotes, several appendices and a lengthy bibliography. There are 19 excellent maps and 80 illustrations, most of which are probably familiar to specialists already. It is a great pity that the Index, which appears only at the end of Volume II, multi-volume works should have an Index in every one.

TOM WOLFE: *The Mid-Atlantic Man*. 309pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 42s.

The "kandy-kolored" cartoon-style shock-k-k-k of Tom Wolfe's prose is now a familiar feature of the New York scene. This collection of fifteen "stories" was written within ten months of his first, *The Streamline Baby*.

It was a strange time for me. Many rogue volts of euphoria. I went from one side of this country to the other and then from one side of England to the other. The people I met—the things they did—I was entranced.

And what did they do? What blew up this froth of euphoria? What lit this thousand-volt, hi-fi Wurlitzer blazing with coloured asterisks and— Ahhh! O-o-o-o-o-o-o! "California teenage surfers, a London seventeen-year-old (with a Kurdish clubfoot lover), a London rock-n-roll lunchclub (the Ties), the hui boys (of Downey, Los Angeles) cruising in their cars, the leather boys (of Columbus, Ohio) mounting Chevrolet engines on their Harley-Davidson motorbikes, Crookford, the New York Hilton, the Wildenstein Gallery (N.Y.), and a San Francisco topless wonder, who blew up her breasts with silicone emulsion.

The hunt, in a word, is for glamour, but not the old social glamour of *Green or Luller*, not even the old outcast glamour of Negro, artist, or homosexual. Tom Wolfe is the self-appointed pop sociologist of spheres within spheres, communities lurking within communities, a Prospero (in immaculate white) on a magical mystery tour revealing human landscapes hidden beneath our very noses, very eyes.

But what struck me throughout America and England was that so many people have found such novel ways of... extending their egos away from the best terms available, namely, their own. It is curious how many serious thinkers and politicians resist this rather obvious fact.

But *Entoko*! Tom Wolfe has discovered joy, sun-riding, silicone breasts, Regency gambling, *et al.* It is easy to enjoy, and dismiss, the

ventiloquist act, with its two attendant prophets: Hugh Hefner of *Playboy* (on his revolving bed) and Marshall McLuhan. Yet in a period of personal freedom, when the museum has spilt out into the street, Tom Wolfe has responded with gusto. Like some playboy Pimpnrel, appearing simultaneously in Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, London, he too has created his own breath-taking—hold it—style, swooping through hyphens and italics on a permanent joy-ride. He is no mere journalist, or tourist, snooping off his ground. Beauty is truth. This is the *Sartrean* of aesthetic thrills, saying his "everlasting no" to war, poverty, insurrection, alienation.

"What are you talking about?" he asked Glinier Grass and Allen Ginsberg at a Princeton symposium. "We're in the middle of a... Happiness Explosion!" Yet his own illustrations, in the manner of Scarle, belie him. Sad, shrunken, twisted, ex-coriated humanity is revealed. But the text moves from celebration to celebration.

For submissio too is now inverted. The East Coast at last bows to the West. Downey, La Jolla, Balboa, Newport Beach are the Mecca; and Nixon is stockaded by the Pacific in his "White House West".

On the gaze turns back to England. For with professional ease Tom Wolfe can inhabit all incenses of exuberance. From the Pump House Gang (of California surfers) he jumps to Maida Vale. The jacked detail, on our own home ground, perhaps seems a trifle wilful, but the brand-connoisseur remains as accurate. "The Mid-Atlantic Man" is deservedly the title piece.

Animation implies self-identification. Not life, or even liberty, but "the pursuit of Happiness" is the declaration of all teenage independence.

But who discuss it now, I for one, will be content merely to watch the faces of our leaders, political and intellectual, the day they wake up and look over their shoulders and catch the first glimpse of their erstwhile followers—streaking—happy workers!—in precisely the opposite direction.

Tom Wolfe is their correspondent.

Mines in the West

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WOLFE

the latter would in on a modern edition, ly printed and annotated of his study, but ing back to the early it much more sen- edit primarily for him. DONALD GREENE, English, University of a, Los Angeles, Cali- A.

35s

by
MITCHELL

The Globe is the globe

FRANCES A. YATES: *Theatre of the World*. 218pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 2s.

The Elizabethan theatre arose from within the realm of magic: Prospero's mystic book and wonder-working staff gave it form. Thus, in an appropriately emblematic manner, might be expressed the theme of Miss Yates's study—a theme which has carried her along many strange, perplexing and tortuous paths.

The starting-point for her travels came rather more than a decade ago when, in 1958, the attention of Shakespearean scholars was drawn to a hitherto unnoticed copperplate engraving labelled "Theatrum Orbis" which the rostrarian Robert Fludd had inserted in his obscure work *Utriusque Cosmi... metaphysica, physica atque technica Historia*, published abroad at Oppenheim in 1619. Eight years after the discovery of this picture, Miss Yates, both in a lengthy article and in her volume of *The Art of Memory* (reviewed in the TLS on November 10, 1966), declared her belief that the engraving, instead of being, as had previously been suggested, either a fanciful design or a vague representation of some Continental playhouse, was in fact a delineation of London's Globe stage; and her present book has been planned as a reasoned justification for that belief.

The process of preparing such a defence, however, has carried her far beyond her original objective, leading her both backwards and forwards backwards from the Globe to its predecessor, The Theatre, and forwards to the court masques of Inigo Jones. In effect, therefore, her *Theatre of the World* is largely concerned with three apparently separate subjects which she seeks to link together: the interpretation of the copperplate, the basic concept which brought The Theatre into being, and the philosophical milieu amid which the masques enjoyed their brief days of inviolate and colourful flourishing. In dealing with these subjects her approach is characteristically and interestingly novel. Most of the numerous studies devoted to the investigation of Shakespeare's playhouse are based on close analysis of such practical evidence as is to be found in the texts and stage-directions of its tragedies, and comedies; hardly any dramas are mentioned by her, nor does she cite a single stage-direction: fittingly for her purpose, the first pages of *Theatre of the World* are concerned with scrutiny of the contents of a sixteenth-century astrologer's library, while the final chapter deals with an early seventeenth-century mystical-mathematical interpretation of Stomachae.

Her first path takes her in search of the fundamental plan used by the actor-joiner James Burbage when in

1576 he made theatrical history by constructing the earliest public playhouse in England—indeed apparently the earliest specially-built public theatre in Europe, and this path leads her to a particular man, none other than the notorious Dr. John Dee, philosopher, scientist and reputed conjuror. Nearly half a century ago Miss Lily B. Campbell had surmised that the former must have known something about Vitruvian theories and about Continental opinion in regard to theatrical architecture, while at the same time she had referred to the latter's "fruitful Preface... specifying the chief Mathematical Sciences, what they are, and whereunto commodious." What Miss Yates now does is to explore more deeply, to indicate what the Vitruvian theories involve, how they are emblemized in the well-known figure of man, legs and arms extended, within the circle of the zodiac, to stress Dee's zealous praise of architecture and of its master, the "incomparable" Vitruvius, the that, instead of thinking in purely classical terms he regards "the Carpenter" as "the Architectes Instrument", and finally to argue that it was directly from Dee that Burbage "evolved a popular adaptation of the ancient theatre".

For any such direct personal connection between the astrologer-mathematician and the actor-joiner there is absolutely no evidence; yet Miss Yates has done us excellent service or forget—in contemporary pictorial out-delineation against a background of medieval buildings: Burbage could not have risked his all in erecting a out having given very careful thought to its shape; and Vitruvianism in its wider aspects must probably have been his inspiration.

Much the same kind of comment may be made concerning the section of *Theatre of the World* in which an attempt is made to prove some period and active association between Dee's successor, Robert Fludd, and Inigo Jones. Here she is forced to increase the number of her sentences including the verb "may" and "might", as well as the number of those which end with hypothetical question-marks. The two men, of course, may have known each other, but of definite evidence indicating a close link between them there is nothing. That one displays an interest in mechanical devices and automatic toys while the other is intent upon theatrical machines offers no firm basis for a guess that they might have been working in association;

because both are known to have been touring abroad about the same time does not warrant the supposition that perhaps they might have been travelling together. Jones did not need to turn to Fludd in order to learn about stage machinery: we may be reasonably sure that there were many Italian theatre-men only too delighted to win his admiration by showing off their marvels. Yet here again, even although we may think that speculation regarding a possible partnership between the occult philosopher and King James's Surveyor-General of Works are insecurely based, there is still much value in the suggestion that each, in his own way, was moving within the same spiritual ambience.

This leads to the subject of the engraving, a subject of peculiar complexity. The "Theatrum Orbis" appears in one of Fludd's "great, many and mystical volumes", all written in such involved and abstruse Latin as, in Thomas Fuller's caustic words, to make some persons assume that the nebulous style was due "to his charity, clouding his high matter with dark language, lest otherwise the lustre thereof should dazzle the understanding of the reader". Only such deft and expert guidance as Miss Yates provides can enable us to gain at least a dim appreciation of his thoughts or of his reason for introducing this particular copperplate. For our present purposes the first thing to be determined is whether the design emanated from the author or whether it was merely a pictorial illustration invented by a foreign artist; and here it must be said at once that Miss Yates has gone far towards demonstrating that the former alternative is the likelier.

She is able to show several things: many, if not all, of Fludd's pictures were intimately related to his text; at least one extant manuscript includes his precise instructions ("Hearc leave a page" or "Leave a pagina") indicating to the printer where these plates were to be inserted; in his memory-training system, the objects to be used as keys to words and concepts must always be real objects known to the individual, never fictional; the engraved "Theatrum Orbis" is textually described as a public playhouse ("ludibrium in theatro publico ubi comediae & tragoediae aguntur"); although some of his designs are adaptations from the work of other artists and some may have been devised by his foreign engravers, in this particular instance it appears most probable that he himself must have provided a least a preliminary

All of this might lead us to suppose that the case is closed, but unfortunately numerous uncertainties, doubts and questions remain. If we turn again to Thomas Fuller, we find this historian declaring that Fludd's

works are for the English to slight or admire, for French and foreigners to understand and use; not that I account them more judicious than our countrymen, but more inquiring into such difficulties. The truth is, here at home his books are held not so good as crystal, which (some say) are prized as precious pearls beyond the seas.

Since Fludd's book directed much of its appeal to Continental readers, and since he demanded that these readers should have mental images of buildings intimately familiar to them, how could he possibly have believed that more than one or two would immediately translate the fairly common Latin phrase "Theatrum Orbis" into a specifically English "Globe Theatre"? Since the other Latin phrase "in theatro publico" was equally familiar in its application to the ancient Roman playhouses, surely it is too much to expect that any contemporary readers would interpret it, as Miss Yates does, in its exclusive Elizabethan sense of a "public" theatre as opposed to a "private"? Even if we assume that Fludd was not thinking of his Continental readers but was writing from his own experience in London, the questions and doubts persist. In endeavouring to see the engraving as a representation of the Globe, she herself finds it necessary to redesign the illustration in order to separate the impossible side-walls from the edges of the stage; but, it may legitimately be asked, is such a material alteration in plan justifiable? And since these side-walls, with their openings which look like boxes, agree with what was undoubtedly the stage structure at the Blackfriars, does not Miss Yates dismiss too summarily the conjecture that Fludd may have had this playhouse, and not the Globe, in his mind?

The listing of these questions might suggest that she has failed in her basic purpose: although certainly she has strengthened her argument, the enigma of "Theatrum Orbis" with Globe Theatre still remains unsolved. Fortunately, however, the essential value of this volume rests in something else. It would, of course, have been exciting if she had been able to prove definitely that Fludd's engraving was indeed the sole pictorial record of the stage for which *Hamlet* and *Twelfth Night* were written, yet a moment's reflection must convince us that this would not materially have

altered our imaginary picture of fundamental features of the stage facade as these have been deduced from other evidence: doors are there, together with an upper stage, just as they are in numerous plays. The particular things to be noted are the engraving—in its importance in the end, likely to be important in the material sphere but in the sphere of the mind, not in the particular what she rightly calls "theatrical" not right in conjecturing that it was the man who gave it to Burbage when he was being projected into the world. Fundamental assumptions are made with the utilization of such theatrical-mystical forms as the square, the circle, the triangle, and the cross, and several other elements may have to be laid aside; others must wait until the evidence is sought for, but the worth of her study remains. This worth, and it is considerable, depends upon the contrast, in her own conclusion, of the Globe stage with the meanings of the ancient theatre within the zodiac, and the

adolescent publishing theatre as it was, and the Renaissance church. The Globe was a magical theatre, a religious theatre, as designed to give full voices and the gestures of the man within the Theatre of the World. These meanings might not be apparent to all, but they have been known to the initiated. It would have been for Shakespeare, the pattern of the universe, the Macrocosm, the world stage. The Microcosm acted his part.

The Globe playhouse, in fact, was a magical theatre, a religious theatre, as designed to give full voices and the gestures of the man within the Theatre of the World. These meanings might not be apparent to all, but they have been known to the initiated. It would have been for Shakespeare, the pattern of the universe, the Macrocosm, the world stage. The Microcosm acted his part.

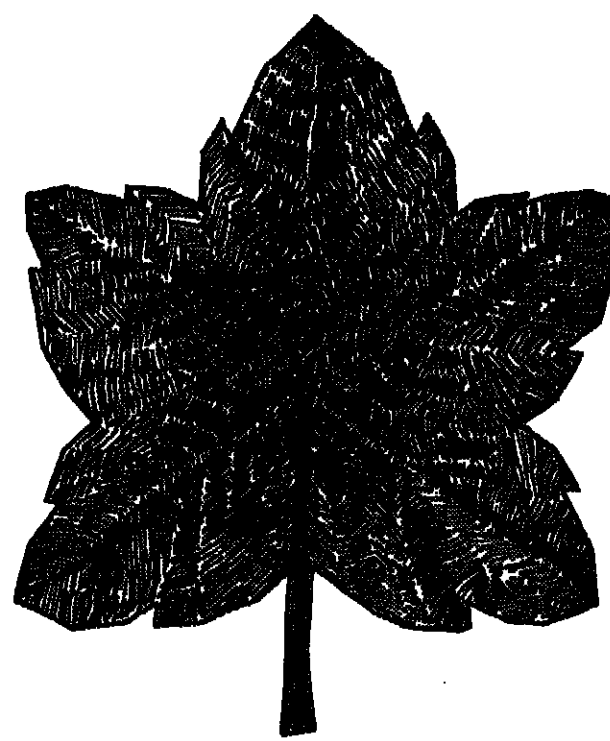
Geography poses problems of distribution for the Canadian publisher that neither the American nor the British publisher can solve. Canada's population is spread along the north of the United States border like an undulating line 100 miles wide, and the publisher has to distribute books along a 4,000-mile band to a population equal to that of New York City. The population is most concentrated—along the shores of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River—one third of the population is not served by Toronto's language publishers. Indeed, the French-language publishers have not had to cope with the various regional preferences or the distribution costs with their Toronto counterparts always reckon.

There are problems with a long history. Few non-Canadians now understand how valiantly during the latter half of the nineteenth century Canadian printers and publishers fought for the right to manufacture books within national territory. Opposition to the efforts was formidable: British publishers with their cheap editions, American publishers with their cheap reprints, the economic retaliation by the Canadian government in the form of the Customs Union of the Berne Convention, and the veto of the Colonial Office. The intensity of the dispute in the 1890s suggests that the Canadian book market was of no economic value.

Accepting a series of compromises, the adolescent publishing industry survived—and prospered. In 1900, for instance, publishers were able to control, through copyright law, over the importation of manufactured books; and by the boom years in Canada in the 1910s the Toronto scene witnessed the appearance of many new publishing firms as well as new subsidiaries. Unprecedented sales during the First World War prompted recently established firms such as McClelland, Goudchild, Munson and Macmillan to launch ambitious programmes of publishing. The original Canadian authors were encouraged, and to some extent able, by the publishers' publication, and, where possible, to add world rights for their authors. Since the 1920s Canadian publishers have generally acted as agents for their foreign publishers, although the belief persists that books written by Canadians, if manufactured in the United States or Great Britain, and agency publications within

Canada are able to obtain on any significant scale are the North American world rights for books by non-Canadians. This is not due to lack of trying; it is a fact of publishing life that since the 1890s Canadian publishers have been successfully since the 1890s. Besides, the paucity of Canadian drama, television and film has prevented the Canadians from competing against the Americans.

Remove the jackets from books and we find identical covers in blue. It is an excellent example of the same school of thought, but somehow, as the *Back in Anger* will show, the same school of thought is not to be used in the same way.



Canadian publishing in the 1960s

GEORGE L. PARKER

are providing the Canadian firm's bread and butter.

Consideration of the contemporary publishing scene invites two questions: can the Canadian trade expand from its historically restricted function of an indigenous trade? Is the prosperous state of publishing since the Second World War reflected in any improved literary quality?

In the 1960s Canada's ratification of the Universal Copyright Convention and certain revisions in the American copyright laws have allowed for practicable expansion by Canadian publishers into the American market. For a number of reasons, among which are the reciprocal nature of Canadian laws and international conventions, and the popularity of American publications such as *The New York Times* and *Life*, the importation of American-manufactured books and printed materials into Canada is always greater than exports of similar materials to the United States. In 1966, for example, American imports were \$62,715,000 (British imports were \$7,195,000); while Canadian exports amounted to \$8,776,000. This is a seven to one ratio which is perhaps not unsatisfactory in terms of the ratio between the American population and the English-language Canadian population—almost fourteen to one. The American manufacturing clauses do account for some of the disproportion, however; before 1962 only 1,500 copies of Canadian-manufactured books could be imported into the United States.

Canadian publishers have envied the American market for one hundred years. The denial of access to the American market hurts a firm like the University of Toronto Press, which has its own printing plant and which sells most of its titles in the American academic world. In 1961 Marsh Jeanneret, the director of the Press, and John Irwin, the president of The Book Society, both pointed out that the awkwardness created by the American copyright laws was no longer the possibility of piracy by Americans but lost revenue and unnecessary duplication in printing. When some American schools bought Canadian textbooks, the Canadian publisher had either to contract for one run in each country or to give the whole

order to an American printer who would then supply both markets.

In 1962 the Government finally adhered to the Universal Copyright Convention to which Canada had been a signatory in 1952. Under the U.C.C. Canadian publishers could now export up to 3,500 titles of a Canadian-made book to the United States without the formalities of registration or domestic American manufacture. The American Copyright Act of 1909 came up for revision in Congress in 1964; in 1969 the House of Representatives and the Senate have still to pass a comprehensive law that will cover subjects in the outdated legislation and deal with the new technological uses of copyrighted material. Since the U.C.C. permitted importation into the United States of more copies of non-American-manufactured books once again sought to curb the importation of reproduction sheets and books from countries like Taiwan.

The recently disputed clauses would restrict the importation of foreign-

made books by American residents or citizens. Canadian publishers, having been permitted to export larger quantities of books by Canadians to the United States, hoped that the new American bill would also allow them to export more than 1,500 copies of textbooks and anthologies containing selected passages by Americans to the United States. The new American clauses dismayed them.

Although the American copyright bill is still pending, Canadians were able in 1968 to negotiate for broader participation in the American market. Furthermore, the Americans want the Canadian Government to reject the latest treaty among the members of the Berne Convention, the Stockholm Protocol of 1967, under which developing nations could waive translation and royalty fees in order to print books cheaply.

As a major exporter to these countries, the American industry could be hurt seriously; Canada's exports to them are relatively small, but Canadian publishers say they are concerned over future threats to

copyright ownership. Hence the Americans have a sympathetic ear in Canada. In March 1968, a committee composed of American and Canadian printing and publishing organizations met in Toronto to arrange for Canada's exemption under the proposed American copyright clauses which would deny protection to non-American-made books whose content is authored by American nationals. Under this exemption Canada might realize up to \$50 million worth of exports within five years.

The most important events in the Canadian publishing world of the 1960s have been the success of paperbacks and the appearance of a mass university market: these have changed the shape of the book trade which had been developing since the 1890s. A concise description of this shape was made by R. W. W. Robertson of Clarke, Irwin at a 1961 symposium on publishing:

You can think of the well-balanced Canadian publishing house as a sort of triangle: the base of the triangle is educational publishing. Resting on that foundation, but smaller in area, and probably less solid in support, is the business acquired through importing books. On top of this structure and still smaller in area there is the production and marketing of Canadian general books for a Canadian or largely Canadian market. No publisher in Canada as far as I know confines his activities exclusively to the publishing of original works by Canadian authors.

In some respects the paperback revolution has merely altered the insides of Robertson's structure, for Canadian paperbacks, encompassing both educational and general titles, are almost exclusively Canadian in subject: literature, history and contemporary events. Buyers are chiefly students and academics—the university population has doubled since 1960. This factor, along with others such as rising prosperity since the Second World War, the reading demands of New Canadians, and the interest in the country generated by the Centennial, helps explain why the paperback trade is a flourishing yet indigenous one. While the competition from American and British quality paperbacks is still, the number of Canadian paperbacks in the English language has risen in the past dozen years from approximately ten to several hundred now in print. The Montreal French-language publishers, like their European counterparts, have been selling quality paperbacks for years. About 80 per cent of the 300 titles published in French in 1966 were paperbacks; McLuhan's electronics media have not entirely stamped out print addiction, in spite of high prices and the absence of bookstores in suburbia and the small towns.

The English-language version of the international paperback revolution owes much to the vision and determination of three men, Malcolm Ross, Robert MacDougall, and their publisher Jack McClelland. Ross

A new sort of play

SIMON TRUSSLER: *The Plays of John Osborne*. 252pp. Gollancz. £2 2s. (Paperback, 21s.)

JOHN RUSSELL TAYLOR (Editor): *John Osborne: "Look Back in Anger"*. 206pp. Macmillan. 30s.

John Osborne has written seventeen plays, of which twelve have been produced in the past twelve years. He has survived two or three crushing disasters. As Oswald, the working-class boy, assumed the silk dressing gown and the long cigarette holder, so Osborne, in recent press photographs, has taken to wearing a fierce moustache, that will seem appropriate to those who always thought of *Look Back in Anger*. Mr. Osborne has the military virtues of courage and obstinacy, a military way of shouting instead of asking: his humour is heavy, he is a great lover of tradition, he talks about "My Country". Against his better nature, we are almost sure he could be moved to tears by the music of military bands.

Yet, when we have done being critical, it is as a true man of the theatre that he cannot help commanding our respect. He has, in his

writing, the mad eye and extravagant gesture of old theatrical prints. If he was not born in a dressing room, we may expect his body to be found in one. He marries actresses. That he once had a country address must be taken as an indiscretion. His presentation of himself is as savagely dramatic as his treatment of his plays often seems an act like writing on tombstones. "I don't pick up a copy of *Look Back* nowadays. It embarrasses me"; and, in the notorious "Letter to England": "All I can offer you is my hatred. You will be untouched by that. You are untouchable. Untouchable, unteachable, impragable." He has gone, one would think, about as far as a man can go, in words, to ensure his rejection by the word-headed sort of person who sets examinations.

When the Lord Chamberlain's censorship was abolished, puritans feared our slugs would be swamped with filth. They did not allow for one restraining influence: the prompt-copy of today's has become the set-book of tomorrow. If the explosion of a couple of obscenities may give your play this new lease of life, there is a great

temptation to stop arguing and cut as there used to be in those bizarre negotiations at St. James's Palace. ("If you will omit cock on page thirty, I will allow pick in Act II.") Even John Osborne cannot escape that old schoolmaster, who has always dogged the dramatist in the form of a critic, and now comes in his own clothes.

In *The Plays of John Osborne* Mr. Trussler gives a careful summary of each of the plays and then red inks the margin:

It would, perhaps, have been better to modify the presentation of this volubility so that it took place at Bill's end of his telephone line.

A challenging and ambitious work, in which Osborne made a tentative advance towards new formal frontiers, but failed to hold some of his more familiar territory.

Mr. Trussler may be recommended as a reliable guide to any one who has to write or correct essays on John Osborne's plays without having seen them.

Mr. John Russell Taylor has collected all the original notices of *Look Back in Anger* and added some critical afterthoughts from various directors and writers here and abroad. This makes a book of

considerable interest: something happened in Slough Square years ago, and grew into a play that can be examined as a piece of history. It threw up as much debris as was brought to the fore by the early plays of Osborne. A fear that these essays might be used as model answers to questions by the unfortunate students of Comparative Osborne's anger and its effects with those of George Bernard Shaw.

Outline the role of the Book Company in the development of a new drama.

Remove the jackets from books and we find identical covers in blue. It is an excellent example of the same school of thought, but somehow, as the *Back in Anger* will show, the same school of thought is not to be used in the same way.



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JOHN BAKER

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History

ALTSCHUL, MICHAEL. *Anglo-Norman England 1066-1154*. 83pp. Cambridge University Press, 35s.

The "Conference on British Studies", an organization of North American scholars, is issuing a series of bibliographies relating to various periods of English history, and this volume may be regarded as a model of its kind. The compilation has been most thorough and discriminating in its investigation, and there can be few books/articles of any significance on Anglo-Norman history which have escaped his notice. His comments are sparing and admirably judicious, and the book fulfils its purpose excellently. Scholars have a reason to be grateful to Dr. Altschul for his critical industry; his book should be in every university reference library in the country.

BARBER, JAMES. *Imperial Frontiers*. 232pp. Nairobi: East African Publishing House, £2 12s 6d.

This is a fascinating, detailed study of the Impérial of British rule as a pastoral people: the tribes north-east Uganda in what are now the Karamoja District of Uganda and the Turkana District of Kenya. Apart from its value as a study in depth of a significant aspect of British colonial policy, Mr. Barber's work provides some interesting insights into the process of administration in the frontier parts of a fledgling nation.

